

The Tragedy of Hamlet

To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd, which when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence
Attends the boistrous raine, never alone
Did the King sigh, but a generall grone.

King. Arme you I pray you to this speedy voiage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes too free footed.

Ros. We will make haste.

Exeunt Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord hee's going to his mothers closet,
Behind the Arras Ile convey my selfe
To heare the processe, Ile warnt shee'l tax him home;
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partiall, should ore-heare
The speech of vantage; fare you well my Liege,
Ile call upon you ere you goe to bed,
And tell you what I heare.

Exit.

King. Thanks deare my Lord.
O my offence is ranke, it smels to heaven,
It hath the primall eldest curse upon't;
A brothers murder: pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharpe as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And like a man to double businesse bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect: what if this cursed hand
Were thicker than it selfe with brothers blood?
Is there not raine enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe? then Ile looke up:
My fault is past: but oh! what forme of prayer
Can serve my turne? forgive me my foule murther?
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd

Prince of Denmark

Of those affects for which I do
My Crowne, mine owne amb
May one be pardoned and re
In the corrupted currents of
Offences guided hand may fl
And oft 'tis seene the wicked
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis n
There is no shuffling, there r
In his true nature, and we ou
Even to the teeth and forehe
To give in evidence: what th
Try what repentance can; wh
Yet what can it when one can
O wretched state! O bosome
O limed soule! that strugglin
Art more ingaged! helpe Ang
Bow stubborn knees, and hear
Be soft as sinnewes of the new
All may be well.

Ham. Now might I do it, b
And now Ile do't, and so a go
And so am I reveng'd? that v
A villaine kills my father, and
I his sole sonne doe this same
To heaven:
Why this is base and silly, —
Aooke my father grossely, fr
With all his crimes broad ble
And how his audit stands wh
But in our circumstance and o
'Tis heave with him; and am
To take him in the purging of
When he is fit and seasoned
No,
Up sword, and know thou a m
When he is drunke, asleep,
Or in th' incestuous pleasure o
At game, a swearing, or about

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